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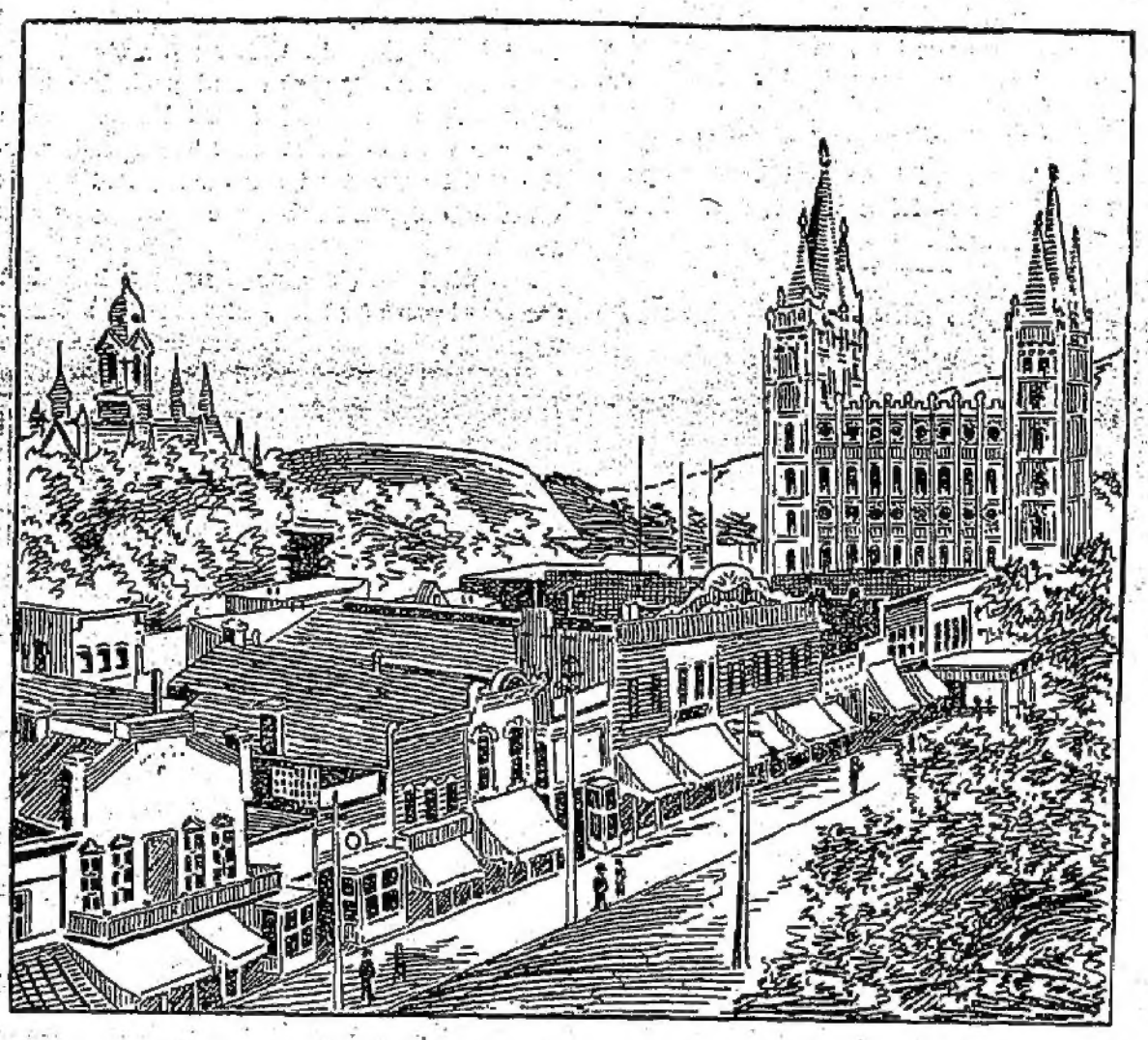
A Reminiscence of Salt Lake.

(By Rev. Andrew Shiland, D.D., in 'Christian Work.')

On the eleventh day of May, 189—, I found myself comfortably seated in a palace car, starting from the Grand Central Depot in New York City. Our train consisted of nine palace cars, containing the commissioners and visitors to the General Assembly to convene in the First Presbyterian Church, of Portland, Oregon. From Chicago, we started on our way with twenty-seven palace cars, divided into three sections—first, second and third—each section of nine cars drawn by a powerful locomotive. We were in the second section.

On Sunday, at five in the morning, we had a view of the noted 'Spanish Fork,' and soon after found ourselves safely in Salt Lake City. The cars were side-tracked and we were allowed to occupy them as lodgings while there, or go to hotels for rooms if we chose to do so. Some engaged rooms for the sake of a change. You know that sleeping on a shelf, even in a palace car, is not very agreeable or comfortable. You can stand it for two or three nights, but when you continue it for half a dozen nights in succession it becomes somewhat monotonous.



THE 'SACRED SQUARE OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.'

The tabernacle is unattractive on the outside, but inside it is spacious and rather imposing. It is said to seat ten thousand persons. Its acoustic properties are perfect. A whisper or the fall of a pin at one end of the gallery can be heard at the other end. The roof is an immense dome, like the half of an egg, covering the whole building, and resting upon the exterior walls without a centre support of any kind. The building is elliptical in form, two hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and fifty feet wide, and eighty feet from floor to ceiling. The structure has twenty doors, each nine feet wide, affording ready egress in case of emergency. From the outside the building looks like a huge whale's back, or an immense turtle with its tail cut off. It is located in what is called 'The Sacred Square of the Latter-day Saints.' This square embraces ten acres, and is surrounded by a high adobe wall for protection. Within this enclosure is the Salt Lake Temple, a beautiful and massive structure.

Recently the top stone was laid with imposing ceremonies. The corner stone was laid April 6, 1853. It was in process of building for forty years. In the basement is a baptistery fifty-seven feet long by thirty-five feet in width. On the top of the highest tower, 200 feet from the ground, stands a huge statue of the angel 'Maroni,' with a long horn in his right hand, blowing vigorously toward the east.

In the afternoon we went to the tabernacle to witness the general assembling of the Mormons for worship. All the visitors are seated in front of the congregation and immediately facing the president, elders, bishops and other high dignitaries of the Mormon Church. President Woodruff, who then occupied the highest seat, was eighty-six years old, and, with snow white hair, presented a venerable appearance. Behind the officials stood the great organ—one of the largest in the country. The choir consisted of 350 voices—some say 500. All the singers were thoroughly trained. Among the pieces sung was the Halleluia Chorus. Elder Penrose preached the sermon. He is an eloquent and fluent speaker, and occupied nearly an hour.

Salt Lake City is situated in a basin surrounded by lofty mountains which are covered with snow. One of the prettiest views of the city itself is from 'Eagle Gate,' and a delightful view of the Great Salt Lake is afforded from a point or elevation called 'Black Rock.' 'Utah Lake' is east of the city, and is of fresh water. A jut of land called 'Pelican Point' extends far into the lake. The blocks or squares in the city are ten acres each. The streets are one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, and through some of them, next to the sidewalk, flow large streams of water. In the eastern part of the city the streets are eighty feet wide. The shade trees with their rich foliage add greatly to the attractiveness of the city. In fact it is beautiful for situation and like a richly cultivated garden. When Brigham Young came here in 1847, July 24, with his band of one hundred and forty-two hardy pioneers, the valley was a barren desert; now it appears clothed in beauty like a paradise.

There are several lines of cars, run by electricity. A favorite ride is to Camp Douglass, where several hundred soldiers are quartered and are provided for as the cadets are at West Point. From this station you can see the whole city and all the valley, twenty-one miles long. It presents a picturesque landscape of unequalled beauty. The electric lines are owned partly by the Gentiles and partly by the Mormons. There is great rivalry between them. When at first electric cars were running, a Chinaman looked on with amazement and was confounded, as he saw no horses attached and no means of propulsion. Finally he exclaimed, 'No pullee, no pushee, but go-ee all same-ee.'

It is said that when the United States troops were established at Fort Douglass, Brigham Young sent the commandant a message that he wanted to see him. The commandant immediately went to see Brigham. The Mormon chief informed him that he and his soldiers must get away from that encampment as soon as possible. The officer looked Brigham sternly in the face and replied, 'I came here to stay, by the command of the Federal Government of the United States. I have my guns trained on your Tabernacle and your houses, and the moment you make any trouble I will blow them all to atoms.' Brigham Young made no further resistance, and after that was submissive as a lamb.

While at Salt Lake City the Union Pacific officials gave us an excursion to Garfield Beach on the shore of Salt Lake, distant twenty miles. There were perhaps a thousand of us altogether, and we immensely enjoyed the scenery, so peculiar, picturesque and impressive. Mountains covered with snow shining in the sunlight, though twenty-eight miles away, did not seem more than five, so clear and transparent is the atmosphere. The facilities for bathing are ample; the buildings are well constructed, artistic in form, kept painted and cleanly. The water of the lake is twenty-two per-cent pure salt, twice as great percentage of salt as the water of the Dead Sea. I took a mouthful of it and found it as salt as ordinary brine. I think it would preserve pork indefinitely. We went in for a bath and enjoyed it exceedingly. It was impos-

sible to sink when stretched out, face or back down. So salt was the water that one inhaling it in the mouth or nostrils would be in danger of strangling. During June, July and August large numbers of people visit the place, and it becomes a great pleasure resort, full of life and animation.

Courtesy to the Stranger Within Thy Gates.'

(By Estella M. Amory, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Though the Church is not as much at fault as it used to be in this matter, yet it is not always prompt in offering courtesy; perhaps for the reason that it does not know just what would be agreeable to the 'stranger,' more than for only lack of hospitality.

This occured to me recently when attending church in a small town as a stranger. After service the pastor's wife at once introduced herself to me, and asked me to remain for Sabbath school. I told her I would gladly do so, but without introducing me to the superintendent, or telling me where to go, she left me to go to her own class.

This was rather unpleasant; but shortly after the superintendent came and asked me to take a seat in the bible class. This dear young brother, however, did not ask my name, or introduce me to the teacher or class. This was very embarrassing to all, as the class was small, and, of course, I did not feel at liberty to give expression to a single thought.

Now, how much more delightful would have been that hour had the superintendent but said, as he placed me in the class, 'Ladies, this is Mrs. S——, of R——.'

I do not relate this incident because of myself—not at all; but I thought, as I sat there, how would a stranger—a young man or young lady—take such a greeting? It might prove a serious chill to a tender, budding Christian experience. On another Sabbath they might prefer the more social, friendly company outside the Church, and thus this little lack of courtesy might prove the open door to many unhallowed, and, perhaps, pernicious influence, while a hearty handshake of Christian fellowship, a courteous inquiry as to home, etc., an introduction to the teacher and class would warm the heart and be like an anchoring line in a strange city or town.

Of course, attentions can be made burdensome and annoying, and care must be taken to avoid this extreme as well as the other. The study of the Golden Rule will help us to strike the happy medium. Let our welcomes be hearty and sincere, and especially to the young and to the old—'strangers within our gates.'

Y. M. C. A.

A PRACTICAL TESTIMONY.

A young man lived in one of the large cities of the United States, whose friends were anxious to induce him to attend the Presbyterian church in the city. The young man, however, had no such desire. One day a companion described to our young friend the pleasure of attending the exercises at the gymnasium of the Y.M.C.A. He went to see for himself. Thinking such physical exercise would be beneficial to him, as well as pleasant, he decided to join.

The following evening, after the exercises, his companion said to him, 'Before we leave, we always go up to a little room and have a few minutes' prayer. Of course, you will come?' He went. One after another of the young fellows engaged in prayer, or spoke a few words. The whole proceedings were so new to him and so different to anything that he had even thought of that the next evening he went to the prayer meeting without an invitation, and before long was himself one of those to engage in prayer.

The uncle began to wonder how his nephew was succeeding, and also how he spent his evenings. Consequently, one night he entered the little room just as his nephew was praying aloud. He was greatly astonished, and could scarcely believe it was the same young fellow so great was the change in him. He soon became a successful Sunday-school teacher, and was afterwards elected superintendent of the school, and was greatly blessed in the work.

Some time after the minister was discussing with a friend the question whether the Y.M.C.A. were really a useful and helpful organization, and expressed himself in these words—'For my part I do not think the Association does any real good.' The friend to whom he was speaking replied by asking what he thought of his Sunday-school superintendent. The minister answered at once, 'I cannot speak too highly of his character and efficiency.' His friend then informed him that it was, humanly speaking, almost entirely to the Y.M.C.A., that he had the young man in his school and church, as the Association had been the means of his conversion through the gymnasium. Thus ended the minister's scepticism as to the usefulness of the Y.M.C.A.—'The Christian.'

Saved By An Unspoken Sermon.

How a sermon did good though it was not preached, is told by the Baltimore 'Herald.' The sermon was written by the Rev. D. B. Greigg, and the subject of it— the 'Unemployed Masses'—was announced in the usual course in the Saturday papers. One of the papers sent a reporter to Mr. Greigg's house and secured a copy—or perhaps an abstract—of the sermon, and put it in type for the Monday issue.

At that time evangelistic services were being conducted throughout the city, and the committee in charge of them sent several speakers to address Mr. Greigg's Sunday evening congregation. He at once gave way to the evangelists, and the sermon he had prepared was not preached, but was laid aside for another occasion. The next morning, however, the daily papers contained a long report of the sermon, which was as yet undelivered.

On that particular Monday morning there was in Baltimore a homeless and penniless young Scotchman. Every hour his prospects had seemed to grow darker, and finally desperation crushed out what little hope had been left in his heart. He determined on suicide.

With his last few pennies he purchased poison enough to end all, and was leaving the drug-store when his eyes fell on a newspaper. Probably the glance would have been but a passing one if he had not noticed the headline, 'To the Unemployed Masses.' This phrase struck a responsive chord and he read the abstract of Mr. Greigg's discourse.

Then it occurred to him that a minister who preached such a sermon might be interested in his case. The better man in him rose and he made up his mind to search out the preacher, if only as a last resort.

Securing Mr. Greigg's address, he went to the house and was received with a heartiness that changed desperation into hope. The preacher himself was a Scotchman, and listened with interest to the discouraged man's story. What was more, he promised help. He communicated with the Scotch societies of the city, and many hands were extended to the young stranger in distress. He was given temporary aid and finally a position, which he is now worthily filling.

And this was the result of a sermon never preached.—'Youth's Companion.'

A Son of God.

An incident in the travels of Henry M. Stanley is cited by 'The Christian.' Mr. Stanley tells how once in the heart of dark Africa a native was dragged before him by some of his followers for stealing a gun. Stanley looked at the gun; it clearly belonged to his expedition. The poor man who had it was frightened at the mention of Stanley's name, and could hardly find his voice or say a word, only, 'I am a son of God, I would not steal!' This he repeated again and again. It was all he could say.

Stanley was interested, and it dawned on him that this man was probably one of the converts of some of the missionaries laboring in that region, and he accordingly gave him the gun, and allowed him to go, while they pursued their way.

At the next station when they stopped they found the gun waiting for them. It appeared that the gun had probably been lost. This man had found it, and when he was set free he at once went with it to the missionary for instructions, and by his direction it was sent where Stanley would get it.

But what a light must have touched that darkened son of Africa, who though brought up in all vileness and theft and sin, had come to realize the glorious dignity of a divine paternity, and say, 'I am a son of God, I would not steal.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Yet There is Room.

Yet there is room! The Lamb's bright hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, now!

Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

Yet there is room. Still open stands the gate;
The gate of love, it is not yet too late;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

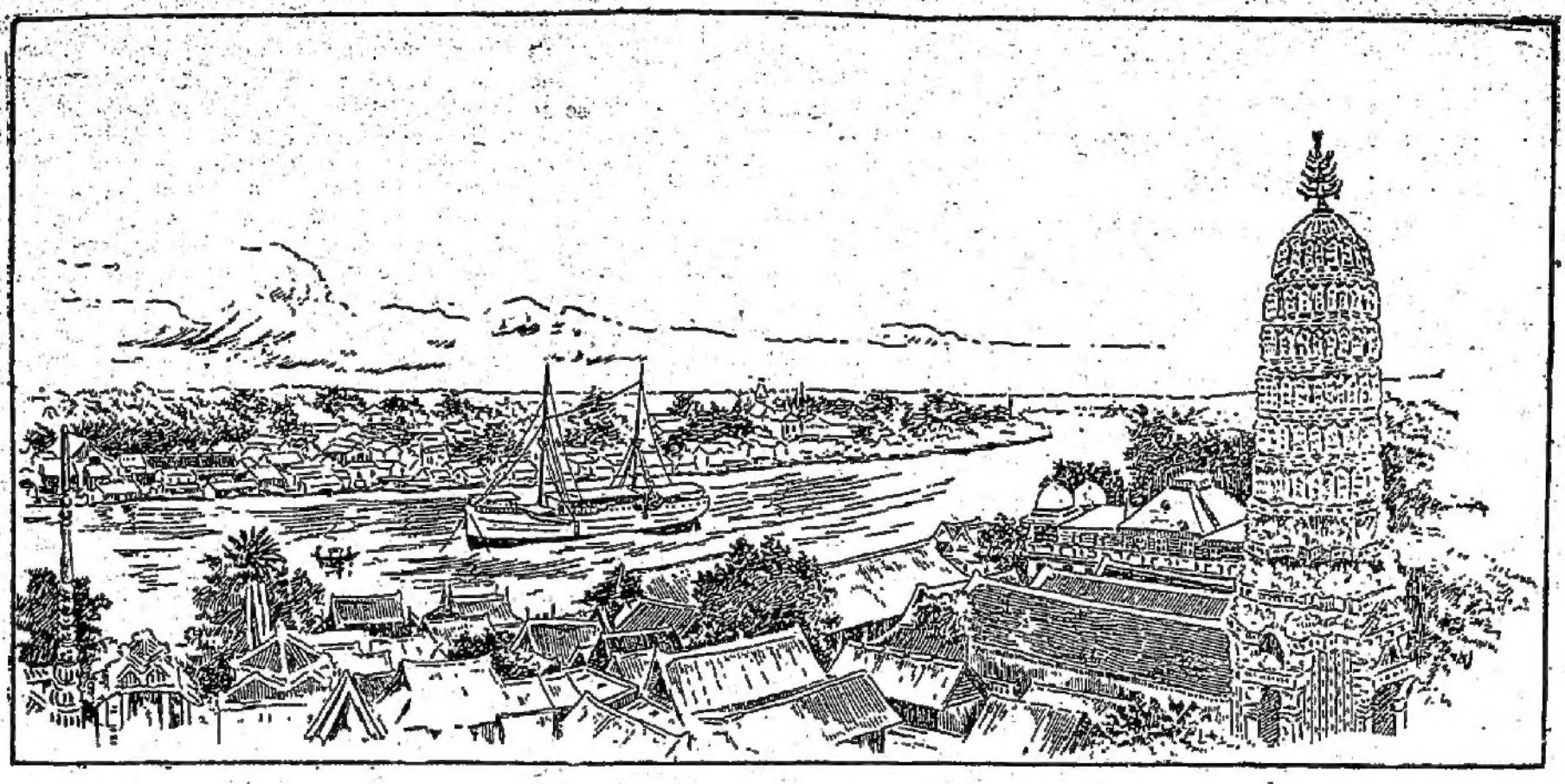
All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in:
The angels beckon thee the prize to win;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

Louder and sweeter sound the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall;
Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

E'er night that gate may close and seal thy doom;
Then the last low, long cry—'No room, no room!'
No room, no room—Oh, woeful cry, 'No room!'

H. BONAR.

BOYS AND GIRLS



THE CITY OF BANGKOK, SIAM.

The Kingdom of Siam.

Siam is a curious and interesting country, occupying the centre of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, and although it is so near to the great Indian Empire, it has, as yet, been scarcely touched by modern civilization. The people have many strange customs of which it may interest our readers to hear. We give an illustration of the town of Bangkok; it lies some few miles from the mouth of the Menam River, and in addition to the river, which is navigable for a long distance, there is a perfect network of canals round and through the city, which has been called the Venice of the East. The King of Siam, who recently visited Europe, and whose doings were duly cabled to Australia, lives in Bangkok. He is a very rich and powerful monarch, completely despotic, and holds the lives and properties of his subjects entirely at his free disposal. He has the monopoly of trading in many different products, the elephants are all his, and every Siamese man, with certain exceptions, must give him three months' labor in every year. He lives in great magnificence, keeping an enormous harem, and only goes among the people occasionally, in great state. When he goes by land, he is carried in a gilded chair on men's shoulders; the Court follows in order, keeping silence, and all whom they meet must fall prostrate. Two hundred elephants head the procession, then a large company of soldiers, and after the King his ladies are carried in closed chairs, upon elephants. The procession sometimes includes fifteen or sixteen thousand persons. A royal procession on the water sometimes consists of four or five hundred boats, while the people stand on the river banks, with joined hands and drooping heads. When the King dies, he is usually succeeded by his eldest brother, but frequently the crown is seized by some powerful member of the Royal family, who makes good his claim by murdering all the rest.

The religion of Siam is Buddhist, with variations, and there are many strange superstitions. A certain King of Aynthia, the ancient capital, made a collection of sixty volumes, compiled from old sacred books, in the year 1654 A.D., and they contain an extraordinary mass of fiction and ignorance. They tell of a heaven, full of angels and other spirits, who even sit in judgment on man, but they lay much greater stress upon the eight different hells of various degrees of horror, each of which has sixteen minor hells, where the wicked suffer various tortures according to their crimes. There are great numbers of temples in every Siamese town; some made of brick and stucco, covered with arabesques, and sometimes with patterns in broken crockery, something like the 'crazy work' with which enlightened Australians decorate tin plates and drain pipes. Grander temples are made of marble, with images of the god in jasper, brass, or gold, covered with innumerable precious stones. There are great numbers of bonzes, or priests. In Bangkok there are about 10,000—and every boy must be a priest during part of his education. Their garments are all yellow, and they carry on their backs a sort of satchel holding an iron pot, and in their hands a fan which they hold over their eyes to prevent their attention from being distracted by distant objects. They abstain from marriage, but may leave the priesthood and marry if they like; they live on alms which they collect from the people. They have a great many rules, the tenor of many which seems to be that it is a sin to do anything useful; others apply to a great many points of ceremonial law, often very minute and frivolous.

The house of a Siamese peasant is made of bamboo, covered with a thatch of palm-leaves, and is usually very shaky. If it falls down, not much labor is required to re-build it, and the furniture is so scanty that not much damage will be done. In such a house as this there will be only a few vessels of coarse earthenware and wickerwork, and a mat or two spread on the floor. A superior workman, however, such as a carpenter, will have more furniture—carpenter's tools, a moveable oven, spoons of mother-of-pearl, plates and dishes of earthenware and metal, a large porcelain jar, another of copper for fresh water, and perhaps a tea-set and all the appliances for betel-chewing and tobacco-smoking. The Siamese all smoke, even little boys of five years old, and no lady's beauty is considered worth admiring unless her teeth are quite black from chewing betel-nut. They drink a great deal of tea, but take it in the Chinese fashion, very weak, without milk or sugar. The national food is rice and curry, made so hot that a European cannot eat it. The Siamese are a very temperate people in the matter of drink; a spirit is made from rice, but drunkenness is almost unknown, and as the king is compelled by public opinion to be a teetotaller, he sets a fashion which is widely followed.

The Siamese are a very clean people. There is always plenty of river water at hand, and they often wade and swim many times a day. They constantly change their garments, which are somewhat scanty, most people wearing only a panung, a bright-colored silk or cotton cloth, arranged something like Turkish trousers, from the waist to the knee. A very rich man may wear a jacket, or his wife a silk scarf round her shoulders; but before they have worn it long they generally remove it, regardless of the presence of company, and tie it round their waists. They wear their hair shaved, all but a curious tuft on the top of their heads, which the men keep rather short; the women dress it in curious ways, and ornament it with jewels. The Siamese are most punctilious in matters of etiquette, and are very polite to each other. If one wishes to enter the presence of another of superior rank, he must crawl towards him on the floor, and no wife would think of assuming any other position while her husband was in the room.

The medical customs of Siam are very strange to our ideas. When a person is sick, the doctor is sent for and is asked, 'Can you remove my complaint?' He usually undertakes to do so, and, after much chaffering, a written contract is drawn up, the doctor agreeing to cure the patient for so much, including two wax candles for the god of Medicine. If the patient does not get better, there is no fee for the doctor. Their ideas of anatomy are very funny. They believe that the arteries are full of air, and most diseases are caused by internal storms. Their pharmacopoeia includes such substances as cat's-eyes, rhinoceros horn, sea-shells, and the like. If a man dies, his body is stained with turmeric and rubbed with quicklime, honey and quick silver are poured down the throat, and the body is stood upright in the house for some days, after which it is cremated. When a child is born, the mother is at once placed

in front of an immense fire, which is kept up for fully a month, unless, as frequently happens, the patient dies in the meantime. The late King of Siam lost his favorite wife in this way, having tried in vain to abolish this foolish custom.—'The Presbyterian,' Australia.

One Day's Sowing.

(By Annie L. Hannah, in 'Our Sunday Afternoon.')

'Miss Susan, Dr. Lane passed me on the street just now, and asked me to tell you that your sister isn't feeling very well to-day, and would like to have you come out and stay with her,' and having delivered her message, Jessie went over to the glowing stove, and spread her hands out to receive the warmth. "It is bitterly cold!" she exclaimed. But receiving no reply whatever, she turned her head over her shoulder to find that Miss Susan had dropped into a chair, and was sitting with a most dejected and hopeless expression on her face.

'Why, Miss Susan, what's the matter?' she asked.

'Matter enough, child, the land knows! Why, I had just a little mite more'n I knew how to do to-day as it was! Here's Josiah's folks coming on the evening train to-morrow, and me with all the getting ready for them to do. There's the house to sweep down, pie and cake to make, the best rooms to put in order, and I did want to manage a chicken pie. Josiah does so admire a chicken pie!'

'I'm ever so sorry,' said Jessie, regretfully, "and I would offer to go to Mrs. Macy myself, but—' hesitating for an instant, 'she wouldn't care to have me, I'm afraid.'

'Oh, you needn't be so polite, child; I know just how cranky Maria is. Of course she wouldn't want you; I'm the only one who can do anything with her when she is ailing. Of course I can do the home work to-morrow, but I was counting some on going into the city to that missionary meeting. I am a delegate, you know, and I was setting some store on hearing that returned missionary. I was going to take the train back that Josiah would be on. But there! some folk's missions are at home, and it looks about as though mine was this time. I'll get my things on and be ready when the stage passes. Thank you, child, for bringing the message.'

'I only wish that it had been a more pleasant one,' replied Jessie. 'Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Susan?"

'Yes, there is. If you will tell your mother that I can't go to-morrow, and ask her to appoint some one in my place, it will save me the trouble of doing it myself. And if you'll take these curtains and fixings up to the best room, it will save me steps. I'm thankful I got them all done up. I shan't have that to do to-morrow.'

'You're a good child,' as the girl returned from her journey upstairs. 'No, there's nothing more, thank you, and now there comes the stage. Yes, you may lock the door and put the key under the mat. That saves me carrying it. You won't forget to tell your mother, will you? Good-bye.'

'She's the bravest and best little woman that I ever saw!' exclaimed Jessie to herself as she stood watching the stage drive away, 'and I do think that Mrs. Macy is too selfish for anything! She never asks if it is convenient for her to come, just says she wants her. The idea of her having to give up the meeting to which she has been looking forward for months! It's too, too bad! I wish that I——'

But there she paused suddenly, clasped her hands as though some delightful idea had occurred to her, and went hurrying down the village street, her face dimpling with smiles.

'I will lay the grand idea before mother first!' she said to herself; 'she will be sure to know if it will be all right; then if she says "yes," I'll hunt up my army.'

'Mother! mother!' cried Jessie a few momemts later, entering the house. 'O mother, where are you?'

'Here in the study, dear. Why, what is it?' as Jessie ran in flushed and breathless. The minister was there also, sitting at his table, and he looked up as she came in, asking, 'Is anything wrong, little daughter?'

'Yes,' Jessie replied, laughing; 'Mrs. Macy is all wrong. Won't you preach her a sermon on selfishness, father?'

'My dear! my dear!'

'Yes, I know all about judging, dearie, but only just listen!' And then she poured out her story, and put her question, ending with, 'and now, mother, dear, do you think that we might undertake it? Think of poor Miss Susan's disappointment!'

For a few moments Mrs. Nash thought the matter over, then she replied, looking up into Jessie's pleading eyes: 'Yes, my dear, I think that you may. 'You need not cry,' with a smile. 'You say that the bed clothing and curtains are ready in each room, and as for the cooking materials, I am quite willing to take the responsibility of giving you permission to go to the storeroom. The chicken pie I will come up and make myself. So run away, little girl, and gather your clan.'

And Jessie did run away, and within an hour Miss Susan's quiet house was invaded by a horde of merry, laughing girls.

'Now, friends,' said Jessie, from her stand half way up the stairs, 'this is the situation. The house must be thoroughly swept, the bed made up and the curtains hung. Then in the kitchen there are pies and cakes to make; the chickens to get ready for the pie, and crust to prepare. You can take your choice, only the cooking, friends, must be of the best. Miss Susan must not be mortified by having tough crust and heavy cakes to offer to her guests.

'She did not mention bread, but I am sure that she must have forgotten it, for, on peeping into the box, I find it almost empty. Now, do not allow modesty to keep you silent. Who can make perfectly delicious cake?' And she lifted a pad and pencil from the step.

'My sponge cake has received favorable mention, ma'am,' said Laura Dana, with down-cast eyes and an air of mock humility.

'A superior sponge cake,' wrote Jessie on her pad. 'Next!'

'My father says my crust is fit for a king.'

'Pie crust by Nanny Roy. Well?'

'I'll fry a batch of crullers.'

'Fanny Mason—crullers.'

'I can make nice ginger cookies, and children always like them. They keep fresh, too, and we might as well bake up enough to last Miss Susan all the time that they are here.'

'She wouldn't be satisfied without a raisin cake, I am sure, so I will undertake that,' chimed in Dora Tracy.

'It is too late for bread to rise to-day, and she would not have time to bake it in the morning if we set it to-night," said Alice Brown. 'I know that mother has some almost ready to bake. I'm going to run home and beg it of her. We can have shortcake for supper, and I'll save out enough to make some sweet bread. Mine is ever so good, if I do say it, who shouldn't!'

'I cannot brew or bake," put in Ruthie Hall, 'but I can sweep and dust and make rooms sweet and cheerful. May I take the upstairs part, Jessie?'

'To be sure, my love. And now, my people, scatter! I'm going to attend to the chicken, boil a tongue I have discovered, and pop that great ham into the kettle. How many helpers will you need, Ruthie?'

'Three will be enough. We can each take a room, and when they are swept and dusted, while one is doing the halls and stairs two of us can be hanging the curtains and making up the beds, after which we will fill the pitchers. That will take till lunch time, and while we're eating we can compare notes."

And so they all went to work, those light-hearted, happy girls. They had formed themselves into a nameless society for the purpose of making the world a little more pleasant place for people to live in, and this was one of their ways of doing it. They worked faithfully and earnestly till noon, then assembled in the cheerful kitchen, and while they opened the baskets which each had brought they told what had been accomplished and counted up what remained to do.

'We must finish by five, for the stage comes about that time, and Miss Susan will be certain to be in it,' said Jessie, as she stood up and began collecting the scraps. 'There comes mother! and now for the chicken pie.'

It was quick work after that, and the little house was filled with a combination of delight odors. Many hands made light work, and by half past four everything was done, and the bright-faced girls formed a procession and trooped off on a tour of inspection.

'How sweet and dainty and fresh!' came in quick exclamations from the damsels who had worked below stairs as they viewed the work of their sisters from above.

'How delicious looking! Oh, for a taste of those dainties!" cried the little housemaids as they passed before the table loaded down with good things.

'Come, girls, the stage is in sight,' cried Jessie. And like the princesses in the fairy tail, they vanished from the house.

And Miss Susan? Poor, tired, disappointed Miss Susan, what of her?

She had had a hard day, and was thankful to be coming home. But she was chilled through with her long, cold drive, and had before her the prospect of a cold house and a bitter disappointment to look bravely in the face; for, like the little heroine which she was, she had put herself to one side and thought only of the fussy, exacting invalid to whose comfort she had gone to minister. And so, as she got down from the stage, she walked slowly, almost reluctantly, up the path, and taking the key from beneath the rug, opened the door and entered the hall.

'Well, I never did know the house to keep so warm in such weather! How pleased I am!' and she gave a little comfortable shrug of her shoulders. 'And how good it smells! Any one would think I'd been doing all to-morrow's baking! There's no use talking, I'm that disappointed that I could cry! Why, I believe that I am crying!' as a tear suddenly rolled down her cheek.

There were other tears so near and ready to follow that it was with difficulty that Miss Susan found her way to the kitchen door, and then, when she had finally managed to get it open, and had looked in, the sight which met her eyes held her spellbound for a long minute, and then the tears came in earnest, a great refreshing flood of them. But not tears of disappointment; oh, no, tears of heartfelt joy and happiness, not so much for the fact that the meeting of to-morrow was possible as that somebody

had thought of her, had thought enough of her comfort and happiness to do all these beautiful things for her. It is so sweet for a lonely person to find that some one has remembered her.

And this is what Miss Susan saw:

A long table upon which was closely clustered several kinds of pies—including the magnificent chicken pie—as many sorts of cake, a boiled ham and a tongue, loaves of delicious-looking bread, white and brown and 'sweet,' and a huge turkey (none of hers), half-cooked and ready to pop into the oven to 'finish.' Upon the breast of this lordly creature was pinned a note, which, with trembling hands and streaming eyes, Miss Susan opened and read. Dearest Little Miss Susan:

That meeting to-morrow could never get along without you, and so we have taken the liberty of making it possible for you to go. You will pardon us for invading your premises, won't you, dearie?

Please take a cup of tea and eat your supper, and then go to bed and get ready for your journey to-morrow. We know that you will be tired out, and ask this as a great favor. You will do it, will you not, for your girls?

Poor little Miss Susan! Poor, little, grateful, happy thankful Miss Susan! She was truly tired out with her trying day, and the prospect of bed was delicious; bed, that is, with no troubling anxieties for the morrow.

There, on the stove sat the teapot; there on a little side table drawn close to it, a dainty little supper was spread. Miss Susan smiled through her tears and seating herself ate far more heartily than she would have imagined possible an hour ago—than would have been possible with that aching lump in her throat. It was dark by that time, and she lighted the lamp, closed up the house, and went upstairs laughing to herself.

'The idea of going to bed at this time of day!' But nevertheless the idea was a very pleasant one to the weary little woman. 'I wonder,' she said to herself as she reached the upper hall, "I wonder if those girls—' and then she passed quickly into the first room. Yes, they had been there too; everything just as she would have arranged it herself, even the fire laid ready for lighting.

'God bless them!' she cried, 'God bless their kind young hearts!' And she turned away to her own room, with a warmer feeling about her heart than had been there for many a long year.

A golden harvest indeed! A harvest which kind thoughts and kind acts may bear their sowers any day.

The Noblest Life.

You believe that the life of Jesus Christ was the noblest life ever lived in this world. No king of earth ever attained such splendid, such real, royalty as did he. No human hero on the battle-field ever did deeds of such inherent greatness as those wrought by the hands of the Carpenter of Nazareth. And what was the ruling spirit of his life? Was it not service? 'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' was the motto of all his beautiful years. He lived wholly for others, never did the smallest act for himself. At last he emptied out his very blood in the greatest of all his acts of service. Shall we not learn from our Lord's example that the truest life in this world is one of self-forgetting love? Selfishness anywhere mars and spoils the beauty of the rarest deed. We must get the spirit of service, and then our lives will be Christ-like.—J. R. Miller.

Ready, Aye Ready.

Dick Thompson was a member of the fire brigade, and a great favorite at the station. He was an enthusiastic fireman, a pleasant-faced, genial companion, and when the summons came for action, he was always the first to come forward with a joke or laugh to put his companions into good humor for the work.

But the work itself was no joke. Sometimes, of course, they were only called out to little fires,—to a dwelling-house where the place was gutted in a few minutes, or perhaps burnt out before they arrived. Of course, these were bad enough to the people concerned, but professionally the men did not think much of them. Sometimes they were called out to a false alarm, and this was always aggravating. For to be called from your rest, to dash through the streets at full speed, alarming the whole neighborhood for nothing, was trying to the temper. But the great fires, which only come now and then, which call out the skill and pluck and generalship of the brigade—these are the things to which a true fireman looks forward, when every man has the chance of distinguishing himself, and proving himself a hero. And to these the men often go with a soberness that they do not feel at ordinary fires.

I think Dick loved the excitement of a fire, though he was a really religious man. Not a bit of cant about him, though, but always frank and friendly to his mates. When the summons came for help he was the first to come forward. 'Ready! aye, ready, my lads!' he would cry, as he threw open the doors and sprang into his place. And once or twice when it was to a big fire they were called, he added, 'God grant we may be ready! if this should be our last.' 'And I don't think any of us did our duty the worse,' added one of the men, 'that we then offered up a little prayer to God as we dashed on to our work.

I might tell you many a story about Dick Thompson, his bravery, his courage and real manliness; and how true a mate he was in time of danger, scorning to seek his own personal safety until his companions were rescued. And let me say, there is often as much real heroism shown by members of the Fire Brigade as in any profession in the world. And the men often do it without a thought, as their simple duty—rushing over a burning floor, or across a tottering wall to save a life. God bless them! And yet, do not let us forget, to do one's duty is often the highest heroism.

But to return to Dick Thompson. We had been summoned to a big fire. A great number of engines had been called out, for the fire was spreading, and it was feared that soon the whole locality might be in flames. 'Ready! aye, ready!' at a moment's notice they were off, the horses tearing along at full speed,—carts, carriages, and people standing aside to make room for them. When they got to the fire, they were ordered into position, and soon the engine was got to work. Dick, taking the hose, began to play upon the burning buildings. The fire had begun in a great hotel, and by this time the idea of saving the structure had almost been given up, but the fire must be kept under for the sake of the adjoining houses, some of which were already ignited.

Now in a great fire like this, while certain men direct the operations of the brigade, yet a good deal of discretion is necessarily left to the rank and file, and the men often show the highest judgment and bravery in their actions. Dick had somehow managed to reach a certain point of vantage, when he saw in the adjoining house, which was already on fire, a woman and her child standing almost dazed at one of the windows. He took in her danger in a moment. The fire was below, and mounting steadily up: if she was to be rescued he must climb to her. Handing his hose to a companion he mounted, climbing almost like a cat, and soon stood beside her. Somehow—I can hardly tell how—he managed to lower her in safety, but how to follow was a different question. With the child in his arms he tried to return by the way he came, but the spouting by which he had ascended, whether softened by the heat I cannot tell, yielded. With almost superhuman effort, he tried to spring on to his old vantage ground, and friendly hands were eager to catch him, but it was of no use. He missed it, and fell—crashing on to the ground beneath.

He was not dead, though, but, crushed and bleeding, was carried to the hospital. There was no hope for him from the first—internal injuries which they could not touch were too serious. But the little child in his arms had escaped unhurt.

The next day, after his wounds had been dressed, and Dick made as comfortable as possible, the lady whom he had saved, and her little boy, went to see him. 'My poor fellow!' she cried, with the tears streaming down her face as she stood by his bedside, 'is there nothing I can do for you?'

'Nothing, ma'am! nothing!' he answered. 'Only bring this little chap up to be a good man, and love God, and it'll be all right. You see I was only doing my duty. And besides, ma'am, I am ready.'

'I do not think our corps ever had a worse loss,' said my friend who was telling me. 'Most of us broke down when we heard of poor Dick, but we knew he was "ready! aye, ready!" And he did doing his duty—that comforted us.'

Yes! it was 'ready! aye, ready!' with him. He had not left it to the last moment to prepare to meet God. He had reverently loved and trusted Him in his life. And just as he was 'ready! aye, ready!' for every call of duty, so, when death came, he was 'ready! aye, ready!' for that too.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Sarah Lizzie's Delegate.

(Sunday-school Times.)

'Mother, I want to entertain a delegate.'

The tired-looking woman glanced up at her daughter in astonishment.

'Why, Sarah Lizzie, what can you mean? A delegate to what, and who wants a delegate to what, and who wants a delegate?'

Sarah Lizzie, an awkward girl of eighteen, with a quiet, earnest face, had just come in from Sunday-school, where she heard of a coming convention of Sunday-school workers. Volunteer entertainers had been requested to report at an early date, and there had come to her a great desire to have one of these people come into her home.

'I know, mother, you will say our house is too small and poorly furnished, and that you have already more than enough to do. But I am going to help you a great deal. I'll give up my room, and make a bed on the attic floor. I know I'm afraid of the mice, but it will only be for two nights, and it won't hurt me if I do stay awake most of the time.'

Mrs. Noel had crowded enough out of her own life to understand the longing she saw arising in the girl's mind, so, though knowing her home was hardly of the kind to comfortably entertain a stranger, she only said, 'We'll talk it over with father.'

The hard-working mechanic, who rarely

gave a thought to Sunday-school affairs, said he guessed the place was not fine enough for such folks as went to conventions, but, if she could get one, he thought the family could stand it for three days. He knew the table could be fairly well spread, and, after all, there was a certain elation of spirit even in the thought of entertaining a delegate.

It resulted in Sarah Lizzie's giving her father's name and address to the entertainment committee, not because she had been urged, or even requested, to do so, but because she really wanted to entertain one of these people.

On the morning of the convention, Mrs. Noel and her daughter were busy at the tubs, planning to have everything clean and the entire house in the best of order by evening, when, they were told, their expected guest would arrive. But the train from D—— came in shortly after the noon hour, and Sarah Lizzie's delegate rapped at the little house long before the cleansing process had been completed. Poor Sarah Lizzie! All her anticipated enjoyment and rehearsed words of greeting fled when she found she must usher her longed-for guest into such unprepared quarters.

She was such a sweet-faced, tastily-dressed woman who had come to her home, that the girl was delighted even in the midst of her discomfiture. She was a woman of tact, too, and helped them in their confusion by saying: 'You didn't expect me so early,—did you? Now, if you will show me to my room, I'll rest up a bit, and then go to our afternoon meeting.'

It would not have helped Sarah Lizzie and her mother any had they seen the expression of dissatisfaction settling upon the face of Mrs. Dale when the door closed, shutting her in the stuffy little bedroom, evidently prepared for a guest, but so different from her own large comfortably furnished rooms at home. Her first thought was one of indignation at the committee for sending her to this down-town home, so wholly unattractive and unprepared to entertain any one. Then she planned how she might, without marked discourtesy, leave this place, and go to a hotel near the church in which the convention was to be held. But better thoughts prevailed as she dwelt on the probable shifting and sacrificing these people had made to entertain a perfect stranger. She recalled, too, the eager look in the young girl's earnest face, and she concluded not to run away, but stay, and, if possible, be a real compensation to them.

On her way to the street door she could not fail to see the satisfaction in Sarah Lizzie's eyes as she came forward with a questioning look, and she was glad she could say, 'Yes, I'm going to the meeting now, and will be back in time for tea.'

Almost as soon as she met her friends at the church she found that a mistake had been made by the entertainment committee in sending her down town. Again she was tempted to stay in the heart of the city, with congenial surroundings; but the unmistakably eager welcome underlying the constraint and confusion in Sarah Lizzie's manner came before her, and won the victory.

Conscious of having made the right decision. Mrs. Dale was at her best when the family gathered for the evening meal. She had brought a few choice roses for Mrs. Noel, some cards and picture-papers for the two little boys, and easily entertained Mr. Noel and his daughter as she talked of convention proceedings, church work in general, and Sunday-school work in particular. It was not long before she found out how this family with but little interest in such things had come to entertain a delegate, and her heart went out towards Sarah Lizzie with a strong desire not to disappoint any of her expectations.

Her request that the girl might go with her to the evening session gave the family a pleasurable electric shock. Of course, she went, and the next day there were two in the little house to talk up the convention and Sunday-school interests. In her quiet, tactful way, Mrs. Dale learned that Mr. Noel carried his dinner to the shops, and, if she returned at noon, special preparations must necessarily be made. So, as she started out the next morning, she told them it would be for the day, as she would lunch at an up-town restaurant.

Sarah Lizzie talked about their guest and the convention so continually that her mother was persuaded to do something she had never done before in her life,—she took a few hours off in the afternoon to attend a Sunday-school convention. She slipped into a back seat in the church, and, before she had had courage to look about her, she fancied she heard a familiar voice, and, when she did look up, she saw Mrs. Dale, their guest, addressing that great company of people. It seemed as if a great honor had come to her house, and she was impatient to reach home, to tell the home folks all about it. It was not until the next day that Mrs. Dale understood why her reception at the little house that evening had seemed to imply added esteem and respect.

Again Sarah Lizzie went to the evening meeting, and, to her great surprise, she found her father waiting for them at the church door after the services. He did not hesitate to express surprise at the number and prominence of the men identified with the conventions. He had thought the Sunday-school was for young people, but these older folks seemed to him as much interested and as hard at work in it as men usually were in politics and business. Then Sarah Lizzie told of a class of men in their school, a fact she had not before thought of mentioning at home; and Mrs. Dale told of many such classes, and of their interest and profit to grown people, until Mr. Noel quietly resolved to look up the men's class on the next Sunday.

But a three days' convention is soon over, and Mrs. Dale took her departure. As the train sped on, her thoughts went back, not so much to convention happenings, but rather to the little down-town home of the Noels. As she gratefully recalled her host's parting words, 'I'm sorry your time's up; somehow you've changed things here,' and his daughter's whispered 'I shall always be better for having known you,' she knew she too had been helped, and that, as Sarah Lizzie's delegate, she had learned some needed lessons on the duties and privileges of delegates to a Sunday-school convention.

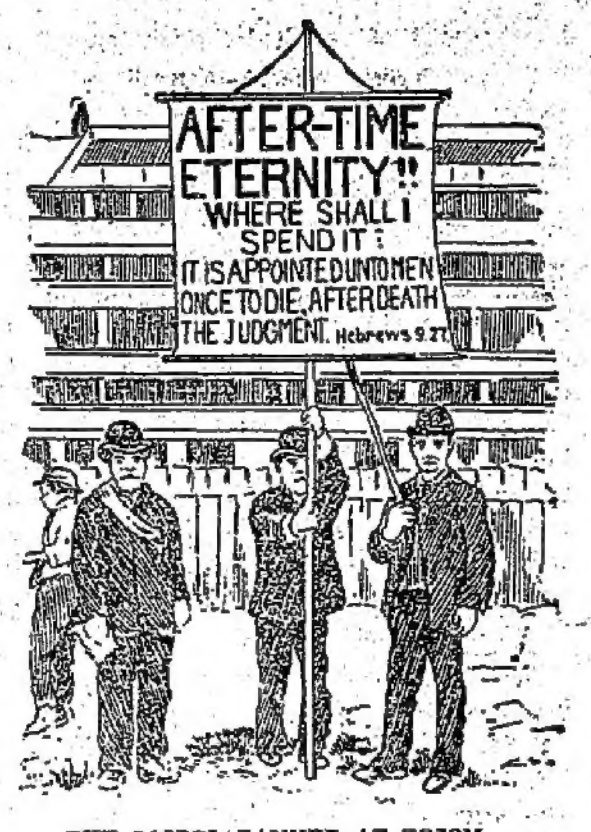
Polish and Dark Side.

'Look on the bright side,' said a young man to a friend, who was discontented and melancholy.

'But there is no bright side,' was his doleful reply.

'Very well, then polish up the dark one,' said the young man.

Are you ever despondent? Then adopt this advice, and remember that the best way to 'polish up the dark side' is to work—work hard, and trust in God's promises. —'Everybody's Magazine.'



THE GOSPEL BANNER AT EPSOM.

That Baby Boy.

(By George H. Hepworth, in 'Observer.')

Don't say you've lost your baby, Mary Snow,
When God takes somethin'; 'tisn't lost, you know.
You only had him as a temp'ry loan;
But you mistook, and thought he was your own.
Now think a bit, and see how plain it is.
Hain't God a right to send for what is his?

What! laid your Johnny where the daisies grow?
Well, no, I guess you didn't, Mrs. Snow.
There ain't no graveyard, and no sexton's spade,
Can cover up a child that God has made.
Say, would you dare to call him back 'f you could?
If God has done it, ain't it done for good?

There's nothin' that kin skal sorrer's tears,
To knock the underpinnin' from our fears,
In ornery times we're only ornery folk;
But Heaven comes closest when our hearts are broke.

As fur's I know, the only thing to do
'S to stick to God, when troubles stick to you.
The weakest link's the vally of the chain,
And faith's wuth nothin' that won't stand a strain.
Religion isn't eighteen carat gold
That's like the chills and fever—hot, then cold.

It ain't exactly square if, when you pray,
You ask the Lord to do his will—your way;
You ought t' agree with him through dark and light,
For askin' him t' agree with you ain't right.

You saw that curus smile, just 'fore he went?
Well, so did I, and wondered what it meant.
I won't be sartin, but it seemed to me
Some one was standin' there we couldn't see.

Angels are weavin' at the looms above,
And wrap and woof of what they weave is love.
They've wove your hearts together, mother 'n' son.
And death can't break a single thread—not one.

The years are rushin' like a forest stream,
And life at longest 's nothin' but a dream,
Bimeby you'll enter the eternal joy,
And then the first to greet you'll be that boy.

Come, Mary, put your trembin' hand in His;
I tell you, things is right just as they is.
—'Observer.'

A Case of Deafness Cured.

(By S. Jennie Smith.)

'Harry, dear, bring mamma that paper, will you?'

Harry turned slowly from the window, out of which he had been looking, with wistful eyes, and answered, 'Ma'am?'

Mrs. Wright repeated her request.

'Ma'am?'

In a louder and more emphatic tone the mother said, 'I asked you to bring me that paper that is near you.'

'Oh!' and the little fellow cheerfully complied.

'Are we going out soon, mamma?' he inquired.

'Yes, when I finish your jacket.'

'Ma'am?'

Mrs. Wright answered again, this time impatiently.

'Oh!'

Then Harry returned to his position by the window.

Mr. Wright, who was sitting near his wife, looked up from the morning newspaper, and remarked, 'Stella, I really believe that boy is getting deaf.'

'I do, too. In fact, he seems to grow more so every day.'

'Then he must be attended to at once. Suppose while you are out this morning you just stop in Dr. Reynolds's with him.'

'That would be a good idea, and I am going that way.'

Thus it happened that an hour later found Mrs. Wright and Harry in Dr. Reynolds's office. The good old man looked curiously at the rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boy, and said, 'It can't be possible that there's anything the matter with this little fellow.'

'Not as regards his health, Doctor; but he's getting very deaf. I have to speak to him two or three times before he hears me. His teacher complains of it, too. He never seems to hear what she says.'

'That's serious. Are you compelled to speak in a very loud tone?'

'I'll let you see for yourself,' said Mrs. Wright. Then turning to Harry, who was engrossed in a study of some pictures on the wall and was apparently paying no attention to this conversation, she asked, 'Do you like those pictures, dear?'

'Ma'am?'

The question was repeated, with the same result.

Then Mrs. Wright asked in a decidedly loud tone, 'Do you like those pictures?' and Harry replied, 'Yes, ma'am; they're very pretty.'

When the mother looked again at Dr. Reynolds she was surprised to see an expression of doubt on his countenance. 'Don't you think he is very deaf, doctor?' she inquired.

'I have yet to discover that fact, Mrs. Wright.'

Taking a child's photograph from the mantel he showed it to Harry, and said, in an ordinary tone, 'This is a picture of my little girl.'

'Sir?'

'You heard what I said,' the doctor quietly remarked.

'Yes; and have you got any pictures of your little boys?'

'No; but you run over by the window and look out. Perhaps you will see them playing on the street.'

'Sir?'

'Do as I tell you.'

Harry instantly obeyed.

'Now, Mrs. Wright,' said the old man, turning with a smile to the astonished mother, 'you see his deafness is merely inattention and a habit he has contracted of saying "Ma'am" or "Sir" every time he is spoken to. And you have helped him along by falling into the habit of repeating your questions. Just speak to him once and make him understand that once must suffice.'

'I see I was mistaken, and yet I have an idea that he wouldn't hear me as readily as he did you.'

'Speak to him now and find out.'

Calling Harry to her, Mrs. Wright told him to get his hat. She spoke in a lower tone than she generally used, and was answered with the usual 'Ma'am?'

Warned by the doctor's glance, she refrained from repeating her command.

'Oh! are we going now?' the child asked, after a slight pause.

'I see you are thoroughly convinced,' said the doctor, as Mrs. Wright arose to go, 'and it remains for you to break yourself and him of these habits you have formed. I assure you that many a case of deafness could be cured in this way. Not only children, but grown people, constantly cause unnecessary repetition of remarks or questions. The habit is more common than you would imagine. I advise you to inform Harry's teacher of this mistake, and she will no doubt aid you in breaking him of the habit. It will save you both considerable annoyance, and benefit the child, too.'

Of course, Mrs. Wright acted on the doctor's suggestion, and now Harry replies when he is spoken to the first time.—'Advocate and Guardian.'

The Three Paths.

A DAY DREAM

I thought I was one of a large party of tourists journeying to some far-off region. We were halting at an hotel and arranging together for our journey on the morrow. There seemed to be three different ways of reaching our destination, and we were discussing which would prove most pleasant, safe, and expeditious.

An elderly gentleman spoke first.

'No one here, I suppose, would think of taking the lower path to the left?'

'Why not?' said a young man. 'It looks pleasant enought, and seems easy walking.'

'My dear fellow,' said the old gentleman, 'you would soon find the walking a great deal too easy, in fact. You slide nearly all the way, and the ravines and fearful precipices are said to be appalling. No one who values his neck would venture far on that road; besides which, you would meet none but low, vulgar travellers. All sensible people, which, of course, includes the present company'—here the old gentleman smiled and bowed—'will, I am sure, choose the middle path, with its easy footway, clear air, and most charming views. I think we are all agreed on that point?'

Then a timid-looking lady mildly suggested, 'I think I have been told that this middle path is not free from dangers, and that travellers have sometimes lost their way and fallen into those terrible ravines you spoke of before. Is it so?'

'My dear lady,' said the old gentleman, smiling cheerily, 'that is only a scare for the weak-minded and timid, with little or no foundation, I assure you. Year after year thousands pass that way quite safely if they are fairly careful, and keep their wits about them. Now and then an unwary one has an awkward tumble, but if you keep well to the middle of the path you are safe as in church.'

'Are these the only paths?' still asked the lady anxiously.

'No, madam; there is a third which I should advise all to take,' answered a young man who had not yet spoken. 'The high path to the right is perfectly safe, and, when you have got over a little uneven ground at starting, extremely pleasant. The youngest child may pass that way in safety.'

'Yes,' sneered the young man who spoke first, 'it is only fit for children and old women. No man of the least pluck would take that path.'

'Excuse me,' returned the other, 'I have traversed that path often, and I do not consider myself devoid of the quality you mention—but I think, sir,' turning to the elderly speaker, 'you are hardly aware of the dangers of the middle path. The scenery is certainly lovely, and the air, as you say, is very fine, and thousands pass tolerably safely along it; but what of the many who, tempted by the flowers and ferns growing at the side, find the earth gradually crumble under their feet, and are dashed from rock to rock below? I speak from bitter experience, for my only brother was one of the many victims whom I have known and loved.'

There was some little silence at this. Then the old gentleman spoke again.

'Of course this is very sad, and anyone who feels at all timid about it had better take the safe route, but I must still adhere to my first notion that the path is safe enough for careful people. There are many beautiful little by-paths, too, which, I am told, are very inviting and easy.'

'Let me warn you, sir,' said the young man, earnestly, 'against those pleasant-looking by-paths. They one and all lead down to the fearful ravines which are the terror of the lower path, and anyone following their deceitful windings must lose either his way or his life. I beg of you all to do as I intend to do—take the safe path to the right, and by so doing ensure a safe journey for ourselves and set a good example to our fellow-tourists at the same time.'

'I shall certainly go your way,' said the lady, 'for I have my two little children with me, and therefore must run no risks.'

So the party divided; no one started for the dangerous lower road, but the elderly gentleman, with by far the greater number, took the middle path, while the lady with her children and a few young men and ladies followed their escort to the higher road.

Then, strangely enough, I seemed to see my travellers arrive at the end of their journey. Ah! but not all as they set out. Of those who chose the middle path some few had walked warily, and beyond a little dust and heat were apparently none the worse for their journey, but all the rest of the party had suffered more or less. Some, in spite of the warning, had wandered down the by-paths, which looked so inviting, and it was feared had slipped down to the treacherous lower path, being quite lost to the view of their anxious friends, while several were torn and bleeding by the briars and thorns, and bruised and wearied with frequent stumbles on the uneven ground. Among them was the old gentleman, his clothes soiled with the dust and his legs shaking with fatigue, but still holding obstinately to his old notion that it was the proper path to take. Meanwhile the party from the higher path came in sight, fresh, bright, and happy as when they started, the children skipping along laden with flowers, ferns, and wild fruits, and all loud in the praise of their enjoyable journey. Then I awoke, and pondered the meaning of my dream.

Three paths lie before each of us. Which are we taking? Few, if any, set out for the drunkard's path—the lowest and worst; but how many, taking the popular middle course of moderation, drift down the by-paths, and at last find themselves sliding into a drunkard's grave, while others escape with weakened constitutions, impaired intellect, and broken fortunes. But the high path of total abstinence is safe, right, and pleasant for all of us—for those who are weak and tempted the only path. But those of us who are strong, let us fulfil the great Apostle's injunction to 'bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves.' Let us join the ranks of earnest men and women and the thousands of little children who, with faces heavenward, are thronging the higher, holier path that leads to purity and peace.—T. W. in the 'Cardiff Abstainer.'

Out of the Pond.

It was only a pond. Nothing very interesting, you say, nor did Sam think it was, as he strolled listlessly along beside it, and then sat down on a large stone on its brink that summer afternoon. It was rather a nice sort of pond, not green and slimy, but tolerably clear, so that he could see below the surface in the shallow part next him.

And what was it he did see? Well, he could not tell what it was, for the like of it had never come

across him before, he being a town-bred lad, come down for a few weeks' holiday to his cousins in the country. The water was almost black with live things wriggling about in the wildest fashion, and looking rather uncanny to his unaccustomed eyes, for they seemed to be all head and tail without a body! Sam felt quite at a loss, and getting up, he hurried back to the farmhouse to relate his experiences.

'Oh, Ella,' he cried to his cousin, 'I say, what queer creatures you have down here! I saw a hedgehog yesterday, and now I see you've got them in the water as well as on the land, and worse still.'

'Why, Sam,' said Ella, laughing, after he had told her all, 'they were only tadpoles, and you need not have been frightened.'

But Sam was no wiser.

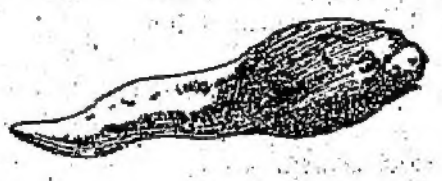
'Tadpoles?' he repeated. 'What are they?'

'Is that your Board School teaching,' replied Ella, 'not to know that tadpoles will all turn to frogs by-and-by?'

'I don't believe it,' answered Sam, 'and I won't. It's all a hoax, for I have seen a frog, and it's not a bit like those nasty black things.'

Ella did not argue, she only told him quietly to wait and see.

Sam was stout and firm in his belief. Nevertheless he made a little plan in his mind, and going into the kitchen he rummaged up a large glass jar or bottle and took it down with him to the pond. With much disgust and some trou-



ble he got one of the tadpoles into it, filled it with water and then hid it in one of the bushes.

'There,' he said, 'now we shall see who is right and who is wrong.' Then he went his way, but every day came back to look and see if anything had happened. Also he thought it would be well to change the water and put in it bits of moss or grass in case the mysterious creature needed eating. Certainly

ere long it did not look quite the same. The tail was shorter, and surely those were legs peeping forth from the other parts. So the change went on, and Sam began to feel a bit shaken in his firm belief that he was right. Till at last, at the end of about a fortnight, going one morning as usual to his bush by the pond, there was no tadpole in the bottle, but—a frog! A real live unmistakable frog, such as he had often seen before, with its spotted skin and its bright eyes, recalling no trace of the queer black legless nature of its infancy.

Sam gazed and gazed, and though he felt rather small, he was an honest, straightforward lad, and accepted the situation. So the first thing to do was to go back to make confession.

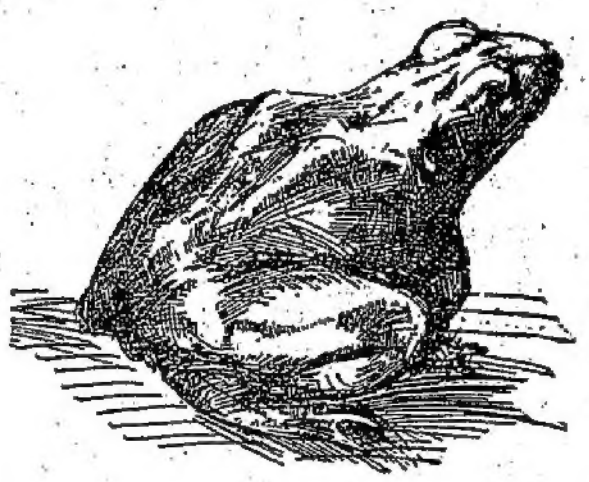
'Ella, Ella,' he cried, as with his prisoner sprawling in the bottle he stood at the farmhouse door, and Ella at once came out to see.

And like a good little maiden as she was, she did not say, 'I told you so,' nor 'You'll believe me next time,' while Sam told his tale. 'Oh, Ella, I am sorry, and it was rude in me to contradict you so flatly. You were right and I was wrong, and I hope I shall never be

so positive again, I did not know Nature had such wonderful ways.'

'Yes,' said Ella reflectively. 'Father calls it a transformation, just like the caterpillar turning into a butterfly, which we should never have guessed at if we were not in the habit of seeing it every day.'

'I don't know what transformation means,' returned Sam, 'but I



call it a sort of fairy-tale such as you girls read.'

He was quite right. Better than any fairy-tale is God's Kingdom of Nature, in the pond as well as on the land, if only we will search it out.—'Child's Companion.'

One of Mamma's Plans.

(By Miss Laura Wade Rice.)

'Nellie, come! Mamma's going to cut out cakes, and she says we may each have a piece of dough and make some for ourselves.'

'Goody!' and Nell came downstairs two steps at a time. 'O Mamma, you are so busy, let us cut them all; we've played doing it for years, and we are big girls now.'

'Very well, and thank you,' mamma answered, giving each little daughter a kiss; then, an idea coming into her mind, she added: 'I will give you each half of the dough, and every tenth cake shall be mine; the rest you may do as you please with. Is that fair?'

'I should say so!' shouted Daisy, but as Nell rolled up her sleeves to begin she said soberly: 'Mamma, it's a great deal more than fair. What do you mean? All the things are yours.'

'But are you doing the work that turns "things into cakes." Besides, I give them to you,' answered Mamma, beginning to stir up material for larger cakes.

'Yes, and you give us good food and home, and so we've got the strength to work with,' said practical Nell. 'It's too little pay for so much give.'

'It isn't "pay" at all,' mamma contradicted. 'The tenth is mine; I never gave you that. If you want to pay me you can give me some of yours.'

'Mamma,' began Daisy wonderingly, 'I don't know what you mean!'

'I do, I do,' Nell answered vehemently, working away with vigor. '"The tenth is the Lord's." Mamma wants to teach us something. He gives us everything but the tenth, gives us all the strength to work with, and it's only after we've taken His part out that we begin to give. I see; I haven't been living with mamma fourteen years for nothing. I know she has meanings in her plans.'

Mamma smiled lovingly. 'Now, how will you work my plan? You know you asked me yesterday what systematic and proportionate giving meant. Proportionate means taking one part or portion of the whole, such as one out of every ten or three out of every five, or any amount you decide on. Systematic means to do it by a plan regularly.'

'I'll take out each tenth one as I cut it,' Nell assented, but Daisy objected: 'That'll take too much time; when I'm done I'll count them all and divide by ten.'

'Both ways are systems,' said mamma, smiling. 'Which one is best?'

'Mine,' said Daisy, 'it's less trouble.'

'Mine,' said Nell. 'Then mamma won't have to wait so long for hers; we get ours right off, and 'tisn't fair for her to wait, now,' she added with satisfaction, 'I've got something of my very own to give to that family our Mission Band is going to send a basket to at Christmas. It feels lots nicer.'

'On the first day of the new year,' mamma said, 'papa and I have decided to give you each an allowance, out of which you are to buy your gloves, handkerchiefs, and ribbons. Then, as we want you to learn to earn money too, Daisy shall do the dusting and Nellie may make the beds and straighten up the rooms for me in the morning, and we will pay you so much a week.'

'O thank you, mamma." O mamma, you and papa do so much for us we don't want any pay.'

'Thank you, dear, but if you do it regularly and faithfully you will save me getting a girl to do it, who would do it altogether for pay. You can put love into your service. Now, how about God's share?'

'Ten cents out of every dollar; that's the tenth, isn't it?' said Nell immediately. 'That belongs to God.'

'S'pose our gloves and ribbons and handkerchiefs all wear out and ninety cents won't buy new ones?' Daisy questioned.

'S'pose the dollar wouldn't buy them?' Nell asked.

'Then something would have to wait,' Daisy answered laughingly.

'Then let it wait with ninety cents. If that ten cents is God's, 'tisn't yours; and if you spend all your money on yourself, what are you going to have to give away? I want to carry my own money to Band and Sunday-school, and have some to put away for Foreign Missions and Luther Day and the rest.' Nell gave her rolling-pin a flourish. 'Mend your gloves, mamma'll teach you, don't lose your handkerchiefs, and do without new ribbons. I see how to have money to give, and I'm going to get a box and put "The Lord's Tenth" on it, and put in His penny just as soon as I earn ten; and then it'll be there and I can't forget and spend it, and have to owe Him money as well as thanks and love. I see the way to do, and I mean to begin right off. Here's mamma's panful of tenth cakes. Is the oven hot?' —'The Children's Missionary.'

Brothers and Sisters.

Shan't and Won't were two little brothers,
Angry, and sullen, and gruff;
Try and Will are dear little sisters,
One can scarcely love them enough.

Shan't and Won't looked down their noses,
Their faces were dismal to see;
Try and Will are brighter than roses
In June, and as blithe as a bee.

Shan't and Won't are backward and stupid,
Little indeed they know;
Try and Will learn something new daily,
And seldom are idle or slow.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible trouble,
Their story is awful to tell;
Try and Will are now in the school room
Learning to read and to spell.
—'Our Little Dots.'

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 1.

Joy in God's House.

Psalm cxxii. Memory verses 6-9. Read Psa., lxxxiv.

Golden Text.

'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.'—Psa. cxxii., 1.

Home Readings.

M. Psalm 122. Joy in God's House.
T. 2 Chron. 29: 25-31. Songs of gladness.
W. Psalm84. Longed for.
Th. Psalm 92. A good thing.
F. Isa. 2: 1-5. Come ye!
S. Luke 4: 14-22. Christ's example.
Su. Rev. 7: 9-17. Heavenly Worship.

Lesson Story.

Supt.—1. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

School.—2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Je-ru'sa-lem.

3. Je-ru'sa-lem is builded as a city that is compact together:

4. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Is'ra-el, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of Da'vid.

6. Pray for the peace of Je-ru'sa-lem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

The Bible Class.

Gladness in the Lord.—Joel II., 21, 23: Isa. xxv., 9: Rev. xix., 6, 7: I. Pet. iv., 13: Psl. ix., 1, 2; xxxii., 11., lxiv., 10; lxviii., 3, 4; civ., 33, 34; cxviii., 24: Deut. xxviii., 47, 48: Hab. III., 17, 18: Acts. v., 41: Phil. III., i; iv., 4. John vxi., 33.

God's house.—Matt. xxi., 13: Psl. c., 4: I Tim. III., 14, 15: I. Pet. II., 5: I. Cor. III., 16, 17.

Suggestions.

The fifteen 'songs of degrees,' or 'ascents,' (Psl. cxx-cxxxiv) are supposed to have been used as popular songs by the crowds who yearly wended their way Zionward in the days of David and Solomon, and probably also by the returning bands of exiles as they came within sight of the beloved city. This portion of the Psalter is especially beautiful and has been called the 'Traveller's Hymn-book,' anr the 'Pilgrim Psalms.'

David was glad when he was invited to the house of the Lord on earth, and looked forward with the most intense delight to dwelling in the eternal house of the Lord through endless ages. There are many men to-day who neglect and even despise the house of God on earth, who yet expect to be happy in the house of God forever. The man who is not glad to belong to the church of God on earth will not really be glad to be summoned to the assembly of saints in heaven. Almost every man has some hope, however vague, of a happy eternity, but heaven itself could not be a happy place for the man who is not glad of communion with God and fellowship with his children.

The feet of the Israelites would never have stood within the gates of Jerusalem had they never started for that city, or had they taken a road leading in the opposite direction. There is only one way to reach heaven, no man can reach God the Father except through Jesus Christ the Son. Christ is the way (John xiv., 6) to heaven ,there is no other name whereby man can be saved, (Acts iv., 12.) Only by the washing of our hearts in his precious blood and the regeneration of our lives by his spirit, can we be made fit for that holy dwelling place into which no unclean thing can enter. (Rev. I., 5, 6; xii., 11; xxii., 11, 12, 14, 15.)

'Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord, for a testimony unto Israel,' (Revised Version), a testimony of God's faithfulness and mercy. God is glad of those who give testimony of his power in their lives. We are his witnesses (Acts I., 8.) and our every act should be a testimony to those around us of the mercy and loving kindness of our Father. All who truly love the Lord Jesus are on their way to the Eternal Zion, and the final gathering will be a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people and tongues, standing before the lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, (Rev. vii., 9-17.)

'Thrones of judgment' were set up in Jerusalem by Jehoshaphat (II. Chron. xix., 8.) for the settling of all controversies by the priests, and Levites and chief of the fathers. But the throne of the house of David is set up forever in the new Jerusalem and 'great David's greater Son,' the prince of peace, rules there eternally.

'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem' is interpreted as a call to prayer for the church of God throughout all the world. But as Jerusalem primarily belonged to the Jews, and to the Jews only, so the benefit of these prayers should surely be 'to the Jew first' (Rom. II., 9-11.) The Jews are God's ancient beloved people and are still beloved of Him. Though for their unbelief and disobedience they are being sorely punished yet the time is coming when they shall recognise their Messiah and 'all Israel shall be saved.' (Rom. xi., 26). Let us not put ourselves on the side of the heathen who incur God's wrath by 'helping forward the affliction' of God's ancient people, while he is punishing them (Zech. I., 14-17.) Let us rather cry to God for the sake of his Son who took upon himself the form of a man, a Jew, that he will with a mighty hand save his ancient people.

Primary Lesson.

A song of Ascents, or going up! Every year the people of God, the Jews, had to go up to Jerusalem to rejoice before the Lord and praise him for all his goodness and faithfulness. The going up to Jerusalem has long been used as a picture of the life of a Christian on the road to heaven.

A going up! Our life is a continual going up, going and growing, our bodies grow, our minds grow and our hearts grow. We can see how our bodies go up, growing taller from year to year. We can tell that our minds are growing because we can understand more each year, perhaps we are promoted in school, and we begin to feel that we know quite a little. But what about our hearts, how are they growing? Some persons' hearts grow small as they grow older because they are drawn in by selfishness or pressed down by cares and petty ambitions Such hearts are going down instead of going up. When a heart is given to God he washes it, and takes away those things which keep it from growing and immediately it begins 'going up.' Going up in sweet communion with God, going up and out in sweet efforts to help and bless others, going up in daily strength to please the Lord Jesus at home, at school, at play.

Suggested Hymns.

'Pleasant are Thy courts,' 'Come ye that love the Lord,' 'Oh, worship the Lord,' 'I love Thy Kingdom, Lord,' 'All people that on earth do dwell,' 'Praise Him! Praise Him!' 'Stand up and bless the Lord.'

C. E Topic.

Oct. 1. Our own church; what can we do for her? Ps. 122: 1-9. (A meeting to discuss denominational work, led by the pastor.)

Junior C. E.

Oct. 1. Some right and wrong uses of the tongue. James 5: 12-20.

The duty of parents in the work of securing the attendance of their children at the public services of the church is of special importance. Neglect of duty on the part of the parents will have a very baneful effect, an effect which nothing will be able successfully to counteract. There should be proper instruction in the home with regard to the proper relation of the Sunday-school to the church. Let the preaching of God's word be exalted above every other work of the church. If children show an unwillingness to attend public worship parental authority should step in and compel them to go. Parents should be careful never to criticize the pastor in the presence of their children. This will do untold injury. Help the pastor to gain an influence over the minds and hearts of your children in every possible way.—'Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.'

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XVII.—EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON BOYS.

1. Q.—What advantage has a boy who does not smoke over one who does?

A.—He is cleaner, healthier, stronger, happier, and he has more money to spend on other things.

A boy who smokes rarely has money, and if he has no one to look well after him, falls into slovenly habits.

2. Q.—How can boys save themselves and help others to leave off tobacco?

A.—By joining Bands of Hope, Loyal Legions, Anti-Tobacco societies, and influencing others to do so.

3. Q.—What do young triflers of the town usually do and say?

A.—They sneer at our Band of Hope and Loyal Legions, and ask 'What good can these young things do?'

But who cares for the trifler's sneers, and derision?

4. Q.—When a bad boy says with a sneer, 'It is cowardly to be afraid to smoke or drink,' what will you answer?

A.—That they might as well declare it was cowardly to be afraid to commit burglary or murder.

It is never cowardly to keep out of danger when no good is done by rushing in.

5. Q.—What advice do the slaves of tobacco always give to the young when asked?

A.—Never use or touch the unclean, unhealthy, and expensive thing.

6. Q.—Is it almost as bad for a boy to use tobacco as it is to drink?

A.—Nearly, because they are twin evils; one vice is rarely seen without the other, they go hand in hand, it is scarcely possible to separate them.

7. Q.—How should we advise our boys about tobacco?

A.—Keep your lips free and pure from contact with tobacco in every form and do the best you can to prevent your brothers and friends from forming or continuing the practice.

8. Q.—Will the habit of using tobacco grow on a boy?

A.—As a boy is father to the man, so the use of tobacco among boys is father to the confirmed habit among older men.

9. Q.—What statement is made in regard to the use of tobacco by boys?

A.—'Many a youth may date the ruin of his health and character from the first whiff of tobacco in the foolish imitation of manhood.'

10. Q.—What does Dr. Copeland, a noted physician of England, say about the effect of tobacco on growing boys?

A.—It arrests the growth of a boy, resulting in low stature and weak body.

11. Q.—What was the report of Dr. Constan, appointed by the French Government to investigate the effect of tobacco upon boys?

A.—'The depressing action of tobacco on the intellectual development is beyond all question. It clogs all the intellectual faculties and especially the memory. It is greater in proportion to growth of the individual and the facilities allowed him for smoking.'

12. Q.—What does Dr. Gibson, the Medical Director of the United States Navy, say of the use of tobacco by boys?

A.—He says that many candidates applying for admission to the Naval Academy have to be rejected on account of defective eyesight and heart troubles, caused by using tobacco.

13. Q.—What was the result of a thorough examination of the public schools in Paris concerning this matter?

A.—The report was, 'Smokers have proved themselves in the various competitive examinations far inferior to the others.'

14. Q.—What classes of schools are examined on this tobacco question?

A.—Every grade, even the colleges, and the result was the same in all.

15. Q.—Give the results in the Naval Academy at Brest.

A.—After one year's study eight smokers

so fell in their ranks that they lost between them one hundred and twenty-three places.

16. Q.—What did Prof. Black, once principal of the Boys' High School in San Francisco, state?

A.—That he never knew a boy addicted to the use of tobacco to stand at the head of his class.

17. Q.—What will everyone do who wishes to be a follower of Christ?

A.—Every whole-hearted follower of Christ 'purifieth himself even as he is pure.' —1st John, 3rd chapter, 3rd verse.

Soldiers and Drink.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, in a letter to Mr. John Bailey, president Granthan Temperance Society, on April 21, 1881, wrote: 'The cause of Temperance is the cause of social advancement. Temperance means less crime, and more thrift, and more comfort and prosperity for the people. Nearly all the crime in our army can be traced to intoxication, and I have always found that when with any army or body of troops in the field there was no issue of spirits, and where their use was prohibited, the health as well as the conduct was all that could be wished for.'

On another occasion, in 1881, he wrote: 'About 90 percent of the crime in our army is owing to drunkenness, and when our men are removed from the temptation of intoxicating liquor crime is practically unknown amongst us.'

After he became Lord Wolseley he wrote, in 1894: 'There are yet some great battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom. But the most pressing enemy is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also.'

On another occasion he said: 'The superstitions about grog are only maintained by those who mistake the cravings of habit for those of nature. The experiences of our armies all over the world show that the health, character and efficiency of our men are improved by substituting other beverages for strong drink.' In support of the last quotation given might be used what he said in regard to his experience, which was as follows: 'During the operations I conducted in South Africa, in 1879, my own personal escort was composed almost exclusively of teetotallers They had very hard work to do, but grumbling was never heard from them, and a better behaved set of men I was never assisted with, a fact I attribute to their being almost all total abstainers.'

An Indictment.

(By Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

Look for a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Washington or New York or Chicago or Cincinnati or Savannah or Boston or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons five years ago and see they are growing far out of population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence and rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has by strong drink been turned into a demoniac. The drink fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women and children for the sacrifice. Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit, and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the fiery furnace under some political platform!

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide, the uxuricide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a 'cordial.' It is 'bitters.' It is an 'eye-opener.' It is an 'appetizer.' It is a 'digester.' It is an 'invigorator.' It is a 'settler.' It is a 'nightcap.' Why don't they put on the right labels—'Essence of Perdition.' 'Conscience Stupefier,' 'Five Drams of Heartache,' 'Tears of Orphanage,' 'Blood of Souls,' 'Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy,' 'Venom of the Worm That Never Dies?'

Correspondence

Sutton, Que.

Dear Editor,—There is a brook runs by our house where we can fish in summer and skate in winter. Our papa keeps a tinshop, where we like to go and see the men work. We have got a large collection of stamps. We have seen only one letter from Sutton and that was from Winifred.

EBER (aged 7.)
CLAIR (aged 5.)

Westport, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in a little town called Westport; it is a pretty place in summer, but has much fog in winter; the snow falls very deep. There are two steamboats here, one the 'Westport,' one the 'Gem.' Papa is the agent of the J. S. S. Co.; he is also a retail merchant. This place is noted for all kinds of fish—halibut, codfish, pollick, salmon, herring, tommy cods, skates; the man eater has a very large mouth; could swallow a boy if he wished; also there are whales, porpoises. HAROLD P. (aged 11.)

Grand Pre Farm, Grenfell, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I saw that Bertha wished me to write, and Clara said in her part of the country there were but very few trees. This time my letter is about my surroundings. We live on the rolling prairies, that is, it is hilly and bluffy with just a few acres between each bluff. There are lots of bluffs in this district, and about four miles west the place is covered with large, green, beautiful bluffs. About three miles from our farm, to the north, is the Qu'Appelle valley, a beautiful place; its south hills are covered with fruit, as plentiful as you could find any place in Ontario. There are saskatoons, pin cherries, choke cherries, cranberries, black and red currants, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, and dewberries. My brothers, sisters and myself have often gone to the valley to pick these fruits; we took our dinner with us and returned in the cool of the evening. I used to drive the cattle to the Qu'Appelle river, which flows through this valley. I always took my dinner with me, as it was five miles to the river and I used to walk. One time my brother John went down to the valley in our gig, and when he was coming home he saw a bear on the very top of the hills (called a hogsback), and after that I was rather afraid to go to the river, for a short while afterwards three bears were shot. This winter my brother Tom was going for our mail, and when he got about one-half of a mile from our house he met a large bear; he turned around and came home, got his gun and started to track it, but the bear had gone so far and its tracks had crossed each other so many times that he soon returned home.

Away up the valley to the east is the Crooked Lake Agency, a place where all the Indians from this district live. My sister is a teacher of the agents' and clerks' children. There are maple trees farther east of our place, and the squaws make maple sugar, but it is not nearly so delicious as the Ontario maple sugar. Grenfell is our nearest station; it is ten miles away.

EMILY E. S.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Guelph is a pretty place. But the fountain has fallen down, and broke some of a man's bones on his shoulder. We have two railways here. We have the river Speed. Two boys got drowned in it last year. The model farm is here. We girls often go out to it.

GEORGIE (aged 8.)

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandpa, who takes the 'Witness,' and I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. Every Sunday grandpa reads the letters aloud to us and my grandma enjoys them as much as any of us. I have two little curly-headed sisters, but no brothers. One summer when out of town I was out riding on my tricycle and saw Lord and Lady Aberdeen driving through the streets heading a procession. Not long ago a rabbit strayed here, so I made quite a pet of it. It was of a very mischievous turn, so one day the cook determined to put an end to its existence, and accordingly, unknown to me, coverted my pet rabbit into a most appetizing repast. On coming home from school, hungry as usual, I was liberally helped to a second supply of the tempting dish. On account of my hunger I did not notice that no one else partook of the dish. My hunger at last satisfied, I pronounced the dinner 'good and fit for any queen.' Imagine my surprise when I was then told I had eaten more than half of my pet rabbit. Mr. Editor, I assure you my feeling can be better imagined than described.

OLLIE (aged 11.)

Baltimore.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letter for the 'Northern Messenger' from Baltimore, I thought I would write you one, and tell you a story about Bert Powell's trip from London to Montreal. 'On reaching the steamer at Liverpool, I noticed gangs of men busy stowing away into her vast hold merchandise of many kinds, chiefly goods manufactured in the factories and workshops of Britain, and selected to suit the wants of the Canadian people. Other gangs of men were filling her bunkers with hundreds of tons of coal, which were to serve as fuel for the engines. The heavy baggage of passengers was being stowed away in the baggage rooms below decks. Hundreds of post-bags, full of letters and papers, were being carried on board and sent to the mail room. Passengers were coming on board, and mingling with them on the decks and wharves were crowds of friends who had come to say good-bye. Standing on the quays were the spectators, who are always drawn together by the departure of an ocean steamship. All was ready at last, a bell rang, visitors hastened to leave the ship; the gangways were drawn in, the cables which fastened the vessels were loosed, the captain touched a bell, down in the engine room the huge pistons began to move, and then among shouts of good-bye the tears of those sad at parting, the cheers of the light-hearted, and much waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the great vessel glided away on her long voyage. I stood on the deck and looked around me. On my right was Liverpool, on my left was Birkenhead. For miles on either side stretched the long line of docks and quays, crowded with vessels of every description. Great ships passed us coming up the Mersey as we went down. Steamers flying the red, white and black flag of Germany; the blue, white and red tri-color of France; the red and yellow ensign of Spain; the Stars and Stripes of the United States passed us on every side. But oftener than all the others combined, the grand old 'red ensign' with the Union Jack in the corner, which flies at the masthead of every British merchantman, greeted our eyes.

Sailing rapidly onward, we took on the last mails at Derry, and soon the anchors were weighed, and, with full steam ahead, in a few hours we found ourselves out of sight of land upon the broad Atlantic. Sailing for about five days brings us near to the coast of Newfoundland; we sail onwards and pass through the Straits of Belle Isle, and enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, sailing westward past the Island of Anticosti, we found ourselves carried on the breast of one of the largest rivers in the world, known as the St. Lawrence.

Farther up, the scenery grows striking and beautiful till at last we come in sight of that grand old city known as Quebec. A few hours then brought us to Montreal, and we found our journey of two thousand six hundred and ninety-three miles at an end.'

ROSA W.

Harriston.

Dear Editor,—I live in a small town on the Maitland river. We like the 'Messenger' very much. My mother took it when she was a little girl, but it was called the 'Canadian Messenger' then. She says she thinks it has done a great deal of good.

BEATRICE MACKENZIE (aged 9.)

Gilbert Plains, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers. The youngest is a dear little fellow, nearly four months old. His name is Alfred. Two of my brothers and I went to school last summer. We had Sunday-school, too, for a while last summer, but only six attended. We had a Christmas tree and entertainment to coax some more to come next summer.

MARY (aged 9.)

HOUSEHOLD.

An Enemy to Fight.

As the physiologists have now unanimously agreed that one of the chief causes of nervous exhaustion, of paralysis, and kindred ills, lies in the habit of worrying, it is a necessity to learn how to prevent worry. If you hold your hand directly before your eyes, you will find that the palm alone will hinder you from seeing all the height and breadth of a purple mountain-side, while even a finger can obscure the sun. So, if you want the landscape or the sun you will remove the hand, you will close the finger.

We make a bugbear of what is very possibly a trifle, and we let it fret and tease and wear us as a rough head wears a string. Let us in the actual beginning take that bugbear and examine it and pick it to pieces. Ten to one we shall see that it is a flimsy nothing, or at worst something that we can destroy with no more effort than is possible to us even if not easy, whether flimsy or otherwise. The thing to do is to look the thing squarely in the face; to judge of its force, and compare it with our opposing force; to remember then that time and nature are our rightful allies, and help will come through them, although we will not wait for that; and then to bend our strength to the struggle.

If it is a righteous cause of worry, the effort to remove and overcome it will in a great measure prevent its injurious physical and nervous effect, for it will call into action another set of nerves than those of apprehension and dread and supine acquiescence, and it will give us something else to think of in the very work the offer requires.

As a rule, in all warfare the attacking party has the best of it. The attack gives the disposition of forces, the advantage of the field. So we will attack our bugbear with all our powers of aggression. More often than not we shall thus annihilate him; and if not that entirely, yet in all probability we shall prevent him from bringing up re-enforcements, and shall get away with his baggage-train. And if this attack fails, and the bugbear remains intact, then we still have the resource of retreating into the walled city of work. While we are at work, if we work well, we have to think of our work, we have no time to think of things outside; we are protected by it as if by walls and battlements; it shuts off from us all the sieges and armies of this hostile worry.

Work, then, work, is the plan of campaign, and gives us a great armament with which we are to meet worry. And if we are of those who have no work, let us look it up; for so long as we are on this planet there is work to be found, if not of one kind, then of another; if not for ourselves, for those who are less fortunate. And the moment we forget ourselves in work we have no time to worry, and the prostrations and tormenting skin-troubles and apoplexies of nervous origin can have no further terror for us.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Simple Puddings Made With Fruit.

When fresh fruit loses its first delightful flavor, the housekeeper can substitute fruit puddings in place of the 'berries and cream' of which the family has tired. These puddings are easily prepared and make a welcome change. Here are a few tried recipes which, if carefully followed, cannot fail to give satisfaction:

English apple pudding is prepared by making a paste of three cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half pound beef suet, freed from skin and chopped very fine, and one cupful of water. Sift the powder and flour into a bowl, mix with the suet, and add water. Mix into a smooth, firm dough. Line an earthenware pudding dish with the paste, fill with sliced apples, add one and one-half cups of sugar, wet the edges, cover, pinch the edges firmly together, tie in a pudding cloth and place in a saucepan half full of boiling water and boil three hours.

Apple tapioca pudding is easily made, and is a good dish for children. Pare and core enough apples to fill a dish, putting into each apple a bit of lemon peel. Soak one-half pint of tapioca in one quart of lukewarm water one hour. Add a little salt, flavor with lemon, and pour over the apples. Bake until the apples are tender, and when cold serve with sugar and cream.

To make huckleberry pudding, three stale muffins, or an equal quantity of bread, three cups of huckleberries, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful each of the extracts of cinnamon and cloves, one and one-half pints of milk, three eggs and a pinch of salt will be required. Grate the muffins, or bread, place in a bowl, heat the milk to boiling point, and add to crumbs; cover with a plate and let stand half an hour. Add the sugar, salt, extract, beaten eggs and berries. Mix and put into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes. Serve with spice sauce.

Lemon pudding requires two stale rolls or bread, juice of two lemons, one teaspoonful baking powder, one cupful of sugar, four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one pint of milk. Grate the bread, pour over the boiling milk, cover, and let stand for thirty minutes. Add sugar, butter, beaten eggs and juice. Mix together and pour into a well-buttered pudding dish. Bake in a hot oven for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with lemon sauce.

A souffle of different fruits is delicious if properly prepared. With fruits of a soft and juicy nature, such as peaches, plums, apricots, bananas, press the fruit through a sieve and place in a bowl, adding one-half pound of powdered sugar and the whites of three eggs. Beat well with an egg beater for five minutes. Then take the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth and mix together. Put this mixture on a dish in a well heated oven for five or six minutes before serving. Sprinkle powdered sugar on top. For hard fruit, such as apples, pears, etc., cook them first, and then press through sieve. The treatment is exactly the same as for the others.

Gooseberry pudding requires one quart of gooseberries, one-half cup of butter, one cupful of sugar, one pint of bread crumbs and three eggs. Pick the gooseberries, remove the tops and stems, and put in a kettle with the sugar. Place the kettle where the fruit will heat gradually and steam them for an hour or so, taking care it does not burn. Rub through a fine sieve, and to the pulp thus obtained add butter and bread crumbs, or enough to absorb the moisture of the gooseberry pulp. When the mixture is cold, add the beaten eggs, put in a buttered earthen dish, and bake for half an hour. Dust with powdered sugar and serve hot.

To make steamed fruit pudding, take one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, two eggs, one-half cup sugar and one pint of berries. Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, add the milk and butter. Add beaten yolks and sugar, stir well into the dough. Then add the whites beaten stiff, and the berries rolled in flour. Turn into a well greased pudding boiler, set in a kettle of boiling water and boil continuously for two hours. Serve with cream sauce.

Dried peach pudding requires one pint of milk, one pint of bread crumbs, two eggs, one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one pint of dried peaches. Boil the milk, and while it is hot pour over the bread crumbs, stir in the butter and add the peaches, which have been stewed until soft. When cool, add the eggs well beaten, sugar, salt and flavoring to taste. Put in a well-greased pudding dish and bake half an hour. Eat warm, with hard sauce.

To make fig pudding, take one cup of molasses and mix with one cup of chopped suet, one cup of milk, three large cups of flour, two beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of soda, one of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg and one pint of figs. Mix all together except the soda, which should be dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water and mixed with the milk. Beat all thoroughly, butter a deep dish, turn in the mixture, and steam five hours. Serve with cream sauce.—'Catholic World.'

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